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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, September 27.

THE CALL OF THE BROTHERHOOD.

Can the world be won for Brotherhood? Only the faith that moves mountains will bring forth an affirmative answer to that fascinating question. Does the world really move towards Brotherhood? Here the cynic and superficial thinker will rush in to shout his "No!" while the pioneer on whom is resting the task of clearing the way for the good time that is coming is scarcely heard to whisper "Yes!" If the hope of Brotherhood is vain, then poor indeed is the outlook for humanity. But it is inconceivable that Christ died for a lost cause, or that as our Elder Brother he is leading us into the wilderness to die with the glorious Brotherhood Vision mocking us to the last. Be the present moment ever so dark we must believe that the Better Day is dawning.

It is true to say that never before in the history of our city have the people been more stirred than during the last few days, when between 5,000 and 6,000 men have listened to the Brotherhood addresses delivered with so much force and enthusiasm by Mr. Ben Spoor, M. P., Mr. Harry Whitcomb and a score of other leading spirits in the movement. Arguing from different points of view, these two Englishmen have presented as strong a case for Brotherhood that we cannot but feel that London has been profoundly impressed. It is a new inspiration that has been given to men and women who have grown weary in the struggle after righteousness. A new direction has been indicated for the efforts of men and women of goodwill in this locality and in all parts of the world.

It will be seen by reference to our columns that a Brotherhood Relief and Advance Fund has been opened, contributions to which may be deposited at any of the local banks. Mr. A. D. McLean, local manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, has consented to act as honorary London treasurer, and there should not be very much difficulty in raising the \$10,000 which the friends of the movement are hoping to collect in this city. The claim of the Serbian refugee children, upon whom large sums of Canadian Brotherhood money have already been spent, is still urgent, and the extension work contemplated by the World Brotherhood Federation which is holding its second Congress at Washington on October 9, cannot be developed satisfactorily without a strong central fund. The need and the cry of the hour is for Brotherhood, and during the next fortnight the citizens of London will have an opportunity for giving practical support to this World Movement which we believe they will feel is too rare and fine to be ignored.

FOOD PROSPECTS.

The overflowing harvests of North America give the public a sense of relief. Apple crops seemed to have gone in for regular failure since the war began. Wheat since 1915 was ever lessening in Canada. But this year gives us bounty with both hands full.

Professor J. R. Smith of Columbia University has published a book on "The World's Food Resources" which deals broadly with the whole question of present and future food supplies. He disagrees with the gloomy prophecy of an early failure of the bread supply made by Sir William Crookes in 1898. "When we consider the wide variety of climates and soils, and of plants yielding carbohydrates—bread and bread substitutes—the fear that we shall lack bread seems unnecessary." Professor Smith wrote expecting a serious temporary shortage of wheat for the year 1920-21, but even this partial pessimism has been largely falsified by the grand output of American fields this year.

The learned author bases his general optimism on the still unused agricultural resources of the world and the part that science will play in developing them. Very little of the soil of North America is as yet intensively cultivated and the same is true of most of Europe. Double cropping could be applied to corn, cotton, etc., in the United States, Egypt and India. In the United States alone, 100,000 square miles of swamp land are undrained and untouched. Canada slowly broadens northward. Irrigation will restore Mesopotamia, Palestine and parts of Australia and South Africa to production. Borneo and Brazil await a cultivation like that of the Dutch in Java, which feeds its own 30 millions and exports hundreds of thousands of tons of food and other products to the West. The tropics in general will yield immensely more when medical science has made work there possible to the farmer.

Machinery, scientific breeding of animals and plants, and the advanced study of the physics of the soil will all contribute to the multiplication of food production. Professor Smith shows many a reason for optimism rather than a mistrust on the future of our food. Coal and gas may be a somewhat different matter.

THE PLACE OF PICTURES.

"I want the old song of the river,
The little low laugh of the rills;
I want the soft blue of September,
Again on the hills."
Over on Ridout street, a little north of the business section, there is an inviting beaten path along the embankment above the river flats. Along the way of late goldenrod, purple head-ell, bluebells, tall grasses and straying grape-vines, there comes the invitation to linger

and lift one's eyes unto the distant hills, everywhere misted with autumn haze of varying depths and hues. Crest upon crest of trees, cloaked in blue-grey, reach ever upward over the hills to the far horizon, with here and there the surprise of crimson clusters of early-tinted leaves. From the luxuriant gardens of vegetables down on the flats, past the wind-silvered willows, wrapped in dreams along the narrow ribbon of glistening river, over the baseball park, green as in spring's young days, on up the sweep of hills, the eyes revel in pictures of glory all the way.

Only the promise of further loveliness lures down the path to the foot of Central avenue. Climbing the steps, one looks over a high open fence into tangled woods-growth, which is the undisturbed charm of Comfort Place. A glance above as one climbs is apparently a promise of stepping right into waiting maple boughs, but the fancy is brief, for at the top of the ascent is Central avenue.

One wonders idly why the city has not provided benches at this beauty spot, where there is the wonderment of nature on all sides, and a fine, uninterrupted view of sunsets. To the right is the long white curve of the breakwater, along which way there is no more beautiful walk in all London. It has the lure of a winding path and a well-paved walk, edged all the way with tall poplars, and the view of fine old estates on the opposite high river banks, at the foot of which are groups of immense willows. But from the crest of the hill at Comfort Place there are pictures for every passing hour.

In the sunshine is the play of the varied summer greens of the continually conferring leaves of the willows and maples that overhang the steps and cluster on the bank. Just now the river is a mere stream that follows its gypsy way over large stones, and these curve its waters into tiny cascades, making fluteful music like soft laughter. Between the trees are glimpses of the distant hills, faintly etched in the misted September sunshine, and to the north the Oxford street bridge, its outlines softened by the distance, adds to the picture against a background of sky of opal-tinted blue.

Very much of the wonder of this place of pictures broods over it in the quiet of night. At the foot of the steps a great arc-light throws its golden haze up into the overhanging trees. In the west, small trailings of dark clouds that have been multi-colored by sunset emphasize the wonder of the stars. Far up the breakwater, electric lights throw their pale gold paths out over the river, and where the water falls in music there is only darkness and the listening trees to add glamor to its loveliness and mystery. Here, so near to the heart of the city, one can be garlanded by dreams and strengthened by beauty.

GOOD SENSE AT LABOR CONGRESS.

The recent labor congress at Windsor, Ont., allows legislators, economists, sociologists and the public in general to appreciate the spirit which at the present time animates the working classes in the Dominion of Canada. And we hasten to add that, to the credit of the Canadian artisan, the attitude of the labor element in this country bears the stamp of moderation, good sense and devotion to the prosperity of the Dominion. Canada cannot afford to pay for the "luxury" of a revolution like the one that has thrown Italy into such commotion. In order that we may develop our natural resources we must have industrial peace, a peace based upon cordial relations between employers and employees. When the workman has obtained reasonable conditions of work and a salary to live comfortably it will be the part of wisdom not to ask for more. He should realize that the head of the enterprise also has a right to be fairly recompensed for his work, for his responsibility and the risks they entail. This truth is generally understood and conceded by Canadian artisans. That explains their moderate attitude, especially in the Province of Quebec, where they have deviated from the principles we have hitherto followed because they are justified by economic force. The Trades and Labor Congress of Canada and other associations of the same character in the Dominion have no other organization to maintain the proper spirit amongst the labor classes, and we have faith to believe they will continue to keep well abreast of their high mission in the interests of all members, and, finally, in the interests of the entire community of Canada.

NOT DEAD YET.

There is a type of person going about today prophesying the prompt dissolution of the British Empire. "Look at Egypt!" he cries. "Look at Ireland! Look at India!" We are quite prepared to contemplate all these countries not only with equanimity, but with cheerfulness. Both Egypt and India are going through a process of change inevitable to the Empire if its constitution and governing minds were so fast set in the old ways that they did not permit of local native self-government.

THE LAST OF THE SLAVE MART.

The end of July witnessed the disappearance of an institution which had existed in Zanzibar for the last 25 years. The International Maritime Slave Bureau at Zanzibar had for its purpose the centralization of documentary and other information relating to native vessels and the slave trade generally, and owed its origin to the Brussels act of 1890, which provided for the constitution of the International Maritime Slave Bureau at Zanzibar. Great Britain, France, Portugal, Italy and Germany were parties to the act, which made provision for each signatory power being represented at the bureau by one delegate. Although for a number of years the bureau in Zanzibar has ceased to serve any useful purpose, its constitution had been the outcome of an international agreement, and its suppression could only be effected with the consent of all the signatory powers of the Brussels act. As far back as 1913 four out of the five powers concerned had signified their concurrence in its proposed abolition, but with that characteristic obstinacy which was the predominant feature of the diplomacy of the German Empire of that period, Germany demurred, and when war was declared in 1914 no agreement had yet been reached. It was only when Germany was obliged by Article 126 of the treaty of peace to accept the convention of September 10, 1919, revising the Berlin and Brussels acts, that the abolition of the International Maritime Bureau in Zanzibar became possible.

AND ONLY TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Nobody swatted the fly.
Nobody had seen a wrist watch.
Nobody had appendicitis.
Nobody wore white shoes.
Nobody sprayed orchards.
Most any young man had "livery bills."
Farms came to town for their mail.
The heavens were not full of man-birds.
Nor the seas alive with under-water boats.
The hired girl drew \$1.50 a week and was happy.
The butcher "threw in" a chunk of liver.
The merchant "threw in" a pair of suspenders with every suit.
Nobody "listened in" on the telephone.
Straw stacks were burned instead of baled.
Publishing a country newspaper was not a business—it was a dueling game.
There were no Bolsheviks or international anarchists.
The safety razor had not introduced the clean-shaven face.

From Here and There

ALMOST A CERTAINTY.

(Kingston Whig.)
There is a growing conviction that coal profiteers are headed for a place where there is never a fuel shortage.

NECESSITY REMOVED.

(Indianapolis News.)
After paying the new Pullman rates there will not be much left to tip the porter.

THE AGITATOR'S GUILT.

(Toronto Telegram.)
The death of two score people in Wall street is ascribed to some crack-brained anarchist seeking to wreak vengeance for imaginary grievances upon the leading financiers of the United States. Though the immediate crime be laid at his door, the ultimate guilt rests upon those who add the minds of potential bomb-throwers with damnable doctrines and crazy creeds. This has been done blatantly on the soap box, steadily in newspapers, and even by blind leaders of the blind in college halls.

IDLE LAND.

(Toronto Square Deal.)
What is it that lies between the farmer and his market? Idle land. What is it that forces workmen in the city to live so far from their work? Idle land. What is the most conspicuous thing to be seen on entering a city? Idle land. What is the only form of property that pays no war tax? Idle land. What is it that enables speculators to grow rich without working? Idle land. What is it that drives the settler a long distance from civilization to find a home? Idle land. What is it that strikes from city and urban territory if we would have efficient industry and contented workers? Idle land. How can idle land be removed? By taxing it the same as though it was improved.

CANNOT COME BACK.

(Guelph Herald.)
Only four years have elapsed since the abolition of the bars in Ontario, and so marked has been the progress during that comparatively short period that very few indeed would care to see any return of those sorrow-producing relics of the past.

ONE TROUBLE WITH THE WORLD.

(Springfield Union.)
The real trouble with the world today is not that there isn't money enough to go around, but that there isn't character enough to go around.

THE WAY OF THE TIMES.

(Hamilton Spectator.)
When corn is selling for 15 cents a dozen on the market, is it reasonable to charge 15 cents a cob in a restaurant?

GRASS LOSING ITS PEP.

(Kingston Standard.)
That is a serious statement made by Professor Dean of the Ontario Agricultural College that grass is not so good as it used to be, that the cows might eat as much as they did twenty years ago, but they would not give as much milk. The reason is that the soil has been used for so long that some of the minerals necessary to produce milk in large quantities have been exhausted. Scientists, however, say that by giving forty-pound bones and wood ashes in the cow's feed the flow of milk can be greatly increased.

Here is apparently another proof of the Hon. Dr. Tomin's warning to farmers that they have been taking everything out of the soil by constant cropping and putting nothing back which would keep up its fertility. He has given figures to prove that though the average cultivation has increased during the past ten years, the relative yield has shown a regular decrease. Stock-raising is one means of fighting matters, and this would pay in many other ways.

WE ALL DO IT.

(Boston Globe.)
Gossip is the besetting vice of the small town, and blessed is he who can take into a small town a more elevating interest, in music or stage-craft, or study, to supplant this spiteful and idle community spy system. But for certain public characters the press, cable and moving picture have replaced the world itself to a small town, and they are at the mercy of small-town appetites for personal details. It is in such relationships that we betray ourselves as the "villagers" that we are. And it is in such relationships that we are setting our international house in order to school ourselves to understand what is really vital in world news and drop our small-town and suburban tastes for the personal details which are of no importance whatsoever.

WHAT ABOUT STRAW HATS?

(Philadelphia Ledger.)
There is an unwritten law in American cities that the straw hat season ends on September 15, and that any man after that date may take any hat he wishes, and fair game is made of him. The fair price commissioner of Baltimore is heading a movement for the extension of the straw hat till then, and that anyone who attacks it will be arrested. Baltimore is considerably to the south of Edmonton, and accordingly it will be said that what applies there should not apply here. But even in the latitude of September 15 is a trifle early to force the calling in of summer headgear. We have had Christmas Days with weather to which a straw hat would be quite appropriate. Why should not one be perfectly free to indulge his fancy then if he wants to? This, at least, is how a person who was brought up to be submissive to arbitrary measures must feel.

APOSTLES OF GLOOM.

(Washington Post.)
Between Bolshevism, the income tax and the rise threatened in the price of coal because of the "vacations" of the miners, everybody nowadays is inclined to be gloomy. Time was when men and women were accustomed to look on the bright side of things, to laugh occasionally and to enjoy the fleeting moments as they passed, but now a Cimmerian gloom seems to have settled on the human race, and the world so rarely smiles with the gaiety of nations may be supposed to have gone into the discard and been lost in the shuffle.

EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

(Morning Oregonian.)
How potent is prayer? To those of little faith the theologians will reply that its potency is determined by the sincerity of complete belief. Thus we wander into the metaphysical, where coincidences and theory are queerly tangled. Yet we have both a spiritual and scientific testimony that faith is a tremendous integer in our affairs. Savages pray for material blessings, while ethical prayer is largely the petition of the civilized and the devout. That material blessings do not always follow devout prayer, we know that spiritual strength is given to those who pray.

WHY MARRIAGES FAIL.

(Los Angeles Express.)
The trouble with most marriages is that a man always makes the mistake of marrying the woman who carries him off his feet—instead of trying to find one who will keep him on them.

A LITTLE EASE.

(Times of India.)
At a time when there is so much passion and prejudice in the air it is refreshing to read the reports made at the dinner of the Indian princes in London. The prince who spoke at this dinner represented one-third of the area of India and one-fifth of its population. They emphatically asserted that the vast majority of the Indian people were second to none in loyalty to the Emperor. Maharajah of Kapurthala said that India was eager to co-operate with the Empire in the work of reconstruction. The Maharajah of Nawanagar, so much better known as the Jam, declared that the loyalty of the Indian princes would be unmistakably manifested on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales. There is the true ring in these words: there is no breath of contention or jealousy, although many of the states have their outstanding cases with the government. They come like a breath of fresh air in the miasmatic atmosphere which we have been breathing.

MOVIES AND LEARNING.

(Halifax Chronicle.)
The "movies" has penetrated the classic halls of academic learning. The film is to be employed as an agency of instruction at Boston University. All the economics course in the College of Secretarial Science will almost make use of movies.

Poetry and Jest

THE LOST KEY.

(Alfred Noyes in McClure's.)
When all the ragged-robins ways of youth were ours to roam
We lost the key to elfin-land among the hills of home.
We could not break the wizard-locks that gripped the gate we knew
The delicate green and golden gate of gossamers and dew.

We hunted for the glimmering key, we thought we saw it gleam,
A green and crimson dragon-fly, by musty books and cluttered pen,
Till now, O far and far away to one that listens long,
The laughter of our summer day has deepened into song;

O you may search among the ferns, and I will search the fern;
And if we find our talisman, there'll be no more to learn;
For you will call aloud to me, or I will call to you;
And the elfin gate will open on our world of dawn and dew.

It's likelier to be at our feet than hiding very far,
It's brighter than a flower, I think, but darker than a star;
So down the narrow gien we'll plunge, in bracken to our knees,
And hunt for pearls in Indian seas;

Then through the may we'll rise again like swimmers through the foam,
And I will search the golden gossamer, and you will search the foam;
And you shall wade the crimson sea of clover through and through,
Until we find the key again to all the dreams we knew.

But if we cannot find it there, above the woods we'll climb;
And you may search the yellow broom, and I will search the thyme;
And we will ride the racing clouds, and whistle to the lark;
And, when the sky forgets the sun, we shall not fear the dark;

For in your steadfast eyes I'll look, and you will look in mine;
And there, together, we shall see the hidden glory shine;
Then all the world will call to me, and mine will call to you;
And the gates of death will open on our world of dawn and dew.

No Chance For Him.
"Having a great time."
"Bored to death."
"So am I. Let's sneak away some-where."
"Can't. I'm the host."

CEDAR TREES.

(Louise Driscoll.)
The cedar has a secret
Of perfume in her heart;
The cedar has a red, red heart!

The cedar tree is silent,
She makes no cry
When great winds come beating by.
The cedar is a dark tree,
Shadowy still,
She holds oil that
She must not spill.

She stands stiff, with
A pointed top,
She never asks
To be a part of home;
Under her boughs
As pine trees do,
She doesn't wish
To speak to you!

The cedar has a secret
Of perfume in her heart.
The cedar has a red, red heart!

SURE WILL BE.

Husband—'I've just taken a couple of seats for the new show, dear.
Wife—How nice! I'll start to dress at once.
Husband—Fine! We'll be on time for once. The tickets are for tomorrow.

THE FIELD BY THE SEA.

(Bliss Carmen.)
On a grey day by the sea,
I looked down and saw
The beautiful companions of the daisies
Lying low.
And toes in the gusty fawn.

For the wind was in from sea,
It heaved and ran and ran,
And all the makers of holiday were
Abashed.
Caught in the easterly blow.

My heart, too, is a field,
Sunlit and green and warm.
Beautiful is the companions of the grass,
And herded by swift grey storms.

A thousand shapes of joy,
For the great hope in iron fall!
All the bright dreams that make the heart of a man
As true heart of a little child.

They dance to the tune of the world,
The star-trodden acres run,
Glad as the wind-blown multitudes of the grass,
White as the daisies in June.

But over them, ah, what storms—
In from the unknown sea,
The uncharted and ever-sounding desolate main
We have called Eternity!

They shudder and quake and are torn,
As the stormy mood of the sea,
And then in the teeth of remorse, the tempestuous lull,
Once more the hardy cry:

"Fear not, little folk of my heart,
For let the great hope in iron fall!
Being children of light, ye are made
As the flowers of the grass,
To endure and survive and prevail."

A DISAPPOINTMENT.
"And if you are a good boy you will go to heaven," finished up the presiding elder.
"A heck!" returned young Bearcat Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "I thought you was going to say you'd give me a dime."

YOUTH.
(Lloyd Roberts in Canadian Bookman.)
Thank God for the sun and the kind, the rain and the dew!
They beat on the windows of the heart, and they enter it, too;
They sweep out the dust that has gathered with the wind,
And the chaff of ambition and pride that blossoms in tears.

They cry to the Child long asleep in the cells of the brain;
"Awake to the music and magic in the woodlands again;
The fields are as green and as gay as the day of your birth;
And the kisses of winter and summer still cover the earth."

"The skies are as blue, the rivers are light on their feet;
The woods are as deep and as black and as balsam-sweet;
The hill-tops are as high and as clean as the day of your birth;
As the day that you entered your prison and shut them behind."

For the Child that was with us in youth is with us in age;
(How often you glimpse his white face at the bars of his cage!)
You have only to strike off the chains, and once he is free,
He'll return to the lips of the clover and the breasts of the sea.

For only the sinews grow old and the dream turn to dust;
Only the tools of ambition grow blunted with rust.
The toiler within? Oh, you have only to lower the bars of the cage;
To see that his youth is the Youth of the hills and the stars!

Thank God for the sun and the wind, the rocks and the trees;
The plains and the woods and the skies, the rivers and seas;
That open the doors of the heart to the spirit of Truth,
Till our feet are aflame once again on the hills of Youth!

WHERE THE MIRACLE CAME IN.
(Boston Transcript.)
A Scotch minister on an occasion tried to explain to an old lady the mean-

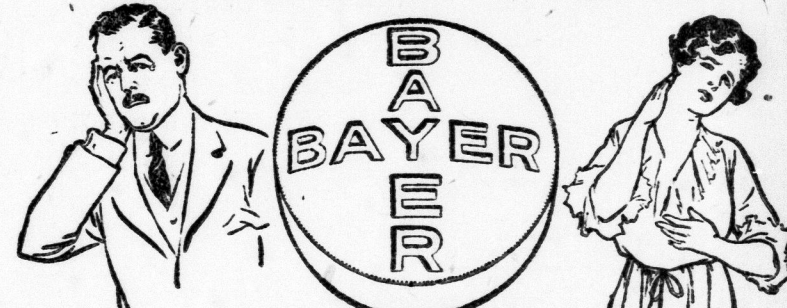


The Absent-Minded Professor

ing of the Scriptural expression, "Take up thy bed and walk," by saying that the bed was simply a mat or rug easily taken up and carried away.
"Wasn't that?" asked the witness, rolling his eyes.
"Address the jury, sir," thundered a sandwich.

ONLY TABLETS MARKED "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"



The pictures that form before you in transient form and shade Of pink and crimson coral strands, And orchid-scented glade, The sweep of the long beach combers, The grass tufts back from the shore, The Southern Cross o'er the far-flung velvet, And the gardens of old Lahore, The sights in the streets of Stambul, The rush of waves round the Horn, The mist on an East Coast river, When the little of many a hill, Drifts in on the balmy breeze, And always sweet, like a temple bell, The robin trille from the trees.

O'er the houseless waste of snow; The cry of the loon in a lone lagoon, Flung back from the pine-clad shore, The hush of the geese in their ordered flight, For the shores of Labrador, The lift of the deck in the long ground swell, The thresh of the racing screw, Its south by west on the last, long quest Of the trail that is always new.

A Pittsburgh lawyer was conducting a case in court not long ago, and one of the witnesses, a burly negro, confessed that at the time of his arrest he was engaged in a crap game. Immediately

package which contains complete directions. Then you are getting real Aspirin—the genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nine years. Now made in Canada. Handy tin boxes containing 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer". Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetic acid of Salicylic acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

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